

A Story of Aaron Burr's Conspiracy.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

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rendiness for the day's march, he took his place with alacrity in the line. The men

were very attentive to his wants, and

treated him with respect due rather from an escort than a guard. On his part he

was most courteous to them, and a silent friendship grew up between them.

The march was fatiguing and perilous. For several days in succession the chill-

ing Spring rains fell in torrents upon the unprotected horsemen, swelling the rivu-

lets to rivers and the creeks to rushing

Sometimes the party was com-

Burr's expedition had finally gone to ers in a cheerful manner, and took the Burr's expedition had mainly gone to pieces, and his fellow-conspirators were places, and his fellow-conspirators were place assigned him in the file.

Entering the woods by the Indian trail, the party marched, from necessity, in the Indian manner—the gigantic Perkins at the head of the line, the prisoner in the middle. At aight the only tent carried by Stoddart was notified of his movements by a man who had soon the reward offered Poers who all the party was pitched and assigned to

by a man who had seen the reward offered for his arrest.

Never was Aaron Burr more cunning, never was his fertile brain more busy with schemes for his own escape and aggrand.

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Rever was his fertile brain more busy with schemes for his own escape and aggrand. izement. As he sat a prisoner in his room listening to the tread of the sentry guarding him, he tried to recount how many great men history recorded as being im-prisoned for political purposes. He argued that in democratic Governments such things often happened. He reasoned that there was never a man in Greece or Rome of virtue and independence supposed to possess great talents, who was not the object of vindictive and restless persecu-

Aaron Burr to the day of his death be lieved that he was destined to be one of the great men in the world's history. A man of unbounded egotism, and decidedly loose morals, he still claimed to be a gentleman, and assumed a virtue which he

He was still reading in his prison room

when he heard a groan in an adjoining apartment. He listened a moment, and nscertained that some one was sick in the next room. This sick man was a brother of Capt. Gaines, and the prisoner saw an opportunity to use his marvelous powers to some purpose. Laying down his book, he entered the apartment and advanced to the bedside of the sick brother of his capthe bedside of the sick brother of his cap-tor. He spoke tenderly to the sufferer, in-quired his complaint, felt his pulse, told him he had traveled much and knew some-thing of medicine, and offered his services. The sick man revived under the gentle touch and encouraging tones, and entered into conversition, with the distinguished into conversation with the distinguished nurse. Burr made many inquiries patient, who was a Choctaw trader, respecting the Indians, their ways, and com-The conversation was singularly cheerful and pleasant, and completely wor

the good will of the sick merchant. Next day Col. Burr was presented to the wife of the commandant, dined with the family, played several games of chess with the lady, and hore himself in all re-spects as he would have done in a draw-ing-room of Philadelphia or New York. All his magnetism and powers of fascina tion were brought to bear upon the people who held his destiny in their hands, and had not Capt. Gaines possessed a will of iron he would have yielded as did others. Every night he sat by the bedside of Mr. Gaines, administering his medicines, and cheering him by his animated, intelligent conversation. He had the charming qual ities of a serpent, and woe to the victin who yielded to his seductive wiles-it was dishonor and death. The patient, whose will had been weakened by fever, became much attached to Burr, and deeply mourned his many misfortunes; though, in all their intimacy and fondness, Burr never made the slightest allusion to his present troubles. He was too shrewd for that. Like the cunning schemer that he was, he presented the smooth, uncom-plaining exterior of a martyr. Day by day the prisoner mingled gayly in the narplaining exterior of a martyr. Day by day the prisoner mingled gayly in the narrow circle of the fort, played games of chess, won everyone's heart, and appeared to give himself no concern respecting the future. Nor did he ever give himself any concern for the unfortunate young men whom he had seduced from their homes

duct of the prisoner, and on the 5th of a remark about the weather, the streams, March his arrangements were completed or the Indians. Burr sat firmly in the March his arrangements were completed and the journey began. The tears of the ladies of the fort fell fast, as Col. Burr, most executed by a file of soldiers, went down to the shore and embarked on board the boat provided for the ascent of the Alabama. So skillfully had Col. Burr enwrapt himself about the had colling the h hearts of the people that he felt ho chemies behind. The men could have no ill-will for one whose offense had been a desire to terminate the hateful rule of the Spaniards; and the weaker sex were always his friends. The dangers of the Burr-conspiracy were not appreciated in those days. Those soldiers and frontiersmen dittle dreamed that the conspiracy which to them only meant the overthrow of the hated Spanish Government was which to them only meant the overthrow of the hated Spanish Government was really intended to sap the life blood of the new Republic. Had Burr succeeded, our Republic would have some to the public would be some to the pub public would have gone to pieces, or at this day been a weak, insignificant mockery of human liberty, instead of a menace to the crowned heads of Europe. But God intended the Western Hemisphere for people with intelligence sufficient for self-gov-ernment, and not for kings, and one by one the monarchies and dependencies on monarchies are being swept away. Burr's ambition and selfishness eminently fitted him for a monarchist. One so unscrupulous and unpatriotic that while soliciting favors from his Nation was trying to stab

it, was fitted to be a monarchist.

As the boat, with its crew of soldiers, glided past the few houses on the river's bank, all the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, except those who were obliged to put them to a more tender use. One of the ladies of Alabama named her infant Aaron Burr; and he was not the only young gentleman in the Southwest who bore through life a similar record of the disgraceful events amid which he was

Above Lake Tensas the party disembarked, and the prisoner was formally given into the custody of the guard who were to conduct him through the wilder-ness to the Atlantic States. This guard consisted of nine men, commanded by the redoubtable Perkins, who had selected and equipped the party. Before taking their equipped the party. Before taking their final plunge into the forest Perkins, fearful of Burr's fascinating powers, took his and struck by the majestic manner of the man, stood aghast, and, without a syllaman, stood aghast, and, without a syllaman struck by the majestic manner of the man, stood aghast, and, without a syllaman struck by the majestic manner of the steel his soul against the prisoner's winning arts, and, indeed, to avoid all conver-sation with him, except such as would be strictly necessary. All having given their word of honor to the effect required, the order was given to prepare for an imme-

diate start.

To plunge into the unfathomable forests of the great Southwest in those days was by no means a pleasant thought, and it required men of courage to do it. The hardy pioneers of almost a century ago were men of iron, who did what the boldest would today shrink from. The prisoner still wore the dress in which he fled from the Mississippi. It consisted of oner still wore the dress in which he fied from the Mississippi. It consisted of coarse homespun pantaloons of the color of copperas, a jacket of common drab cloth, and an old hat with a broad, flapping brim. As he bestrode the superb horse which he had ridden at the time of his capture, the brim flapping over his brow, at times half concealing his brilliant eves, his appearance and bearing was eyes, his appearance and bearing was a tavern, before which a considerable as distinguished as when, seated in the number of persons were assembled, while chair of office, he presided over the Sen-music and dancing were heard within. as distinguished as when, seated in the chair of office, he presided over the Senate of the United States. When the grard had mounted, and word was gives to march, he bade adieu to the few by stand-

rest, and claim the protection of the civil Perkins snatched his pistols from the

holsters, and leaping to the ground with one in each hand cried: "Col. Burr, mount your horse at once; you shall not escape me. Mount!"
"I will not!" shouted Burr, in his wild est, most defiant manner.

Perkins, unwilling to shed blood, but resolute to execute the commission intrust-ed to him, threw his pistols on the ground, caught the slight form of the prisoner in his arms with a relentless grasp and threw him into the saddle.

"Take his bridle, Tom, and away!"
cried Perkins to one of the guards at
Burr's side; while Perkins picked up his
pistols and mounted, and with the others pistols and mounted, and with the others covered the retreat. Thomas Malone, leading Burr's horse, galloped on. The people on the porch of the tavern, on see-ing the struggle and the guard drawing their pistols, ran into the house to be out of danger, while Perkins and his guard galloped through the village, close after

Maione and the prisoner.

A mile or two beyond the village Per kins halted the party to consult with his comrades. Burr was wild with excitement. The indifference of the people, whom he supposed would rush to his rescue, the personal indignity he had suf-fered, the thought of the triumph of his enemies over him, all rushed upon him, and he gave way to a flood of tears. The selfish man, who had shot in cold blood one of the noblest of his kind, who had re-mained unmoved at the tears of Mrs. Hamilton and her orphan children, now wept because tardy justice had at last over-taken him. Tom Malone, who led his horse, touched by the spectacle of fallen greatness, was also shedding tears. Never had mortal man more to dread from his enemies, for never had tyrant been more overbearing. His pride, his vanity, his bepelled to swim their horses across rapid lief in his own great destiny, had until



"WITH A RELENTLESS GRASP, HE THREW HIM INTO THE SADDLE."

tween Georgia and South Carolina.

exceedingly inquisitive, and while

them with questions.

Agron Burr.

Tombighee?"

lord, said:

"Yes," answered Perkins.

"Is he not a bad man?"

The arrival of so extraordinary a party

at this remote place of entertainment as-

tonished Bevin, the landlord. Bevin was

guard, with their prisoner, sat about the

fire waiting for breakfast, began to ply

"Do you come from the Tombigbee set-tlement?" he asked.

On this information he launched out at

nce upon the prevailing topic of the day,

"I suppose the traitor Aaron Burr has

created considerable excitement on the

Perkins, gazing into the fire, answered

"There has been considerable excitement over Col. Burr."
"Has he yet been arrested?"
Perkins and his men hung their heads and made no answer.

To this no answer was made, and the equisitive landlord continued:

"Is not everybody afraid of him?" Burr, who was sitting in a corner near

the fire, raised his head, and, fixing his

blazing eyes upon the unsuspecting land-

"I am Aaron Burr; what is it you want

fering the party the most obsequious at-

A journey of two days more brought

them to the confines of South Carolina, where Burr of old had been a popular fa-

vorite, and where on his visits to Theo

with golden promises and awakened am-swiftly at the head of his company, and fore night. Burr was then transferred to no longer require its services, bitions.

| Solden | Sol Two weeks passed. Capt. Gaines had resolved to send his prisoner direct to the seat of Government, a thousand miles distant, almost half of which lay through tant, almost half of which lay through the party always slept in the woods, near swamps of reeds, upon which the horses, this was met by orders from the President to convey the prisoner to Richmond. The hold of the latter to the party always slept in the woods, near swamps of reeds, upon which the horses, this was met by orders from the President to convey the prisoner to Richmond. a nearly-unbroken wilderness. He had After breakfast it was their custom again to mount their horses and march on, with a silence which was sometimes broken by during those two weeks in preparation for the expedition for the safe conduct of the prisoner, and on the 5th of a remark about the weather, the streams, evening of Thursday, the prisoner was taken to the Eagle Tavern, where he resaddle, was always on the alert, and was a most excellent rider. Although drenched for hours with cold, clammy rain, and ex-tended upon a thin pallet, on the bare mained, under guard, until Monday morn-

Burr longed for sympathy, and so many who had praised and petted him in the day of his prosperity and power had grown indifferent in his adversity that he appealed to one of whose sympathy he was sure. The morning after his arrival he wrote to his daughter, briefly describing his arrival, and adding:

"It seems that here the business is to be tried and concluded. I am to be surrendered to the civil authorities tomorrow, when the question of bail is to be determined."

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE. After Burr's trial for treason the romantic and tragic consequences of his great conspiracy are dramatically set forth, including the mysterious remains one of the unsolved chapters of American history.

Jefferson, Wis.

Old Bugle Found.

Mrs. A. D. Brockett, 318 N. Washington street, Alexandria, Va., has in her possession an old bugle, picked up on the field of Fredericksburg. It has inscribed on it "John F. Stratton, New York." She would be glad to hear from the owner, or

anybody who knew him. PERSONALS.

Mrs. E. P. Green has recovered from an attack of the grip at Canaseraga, N. Y., by the use of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills,

Among the victims of the grip epidemic now so prevalent, F. Coyle is now recov-ering at Canton, O., by the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills.

W. E. Nihells, of St. Louis, Mo., who

was down with grip, is reported much improved. He used Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills. The friends of Mrs. L. Denison will be

pleased to learn of her recovery from grip, at her home in Bay City, Mich., through the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills, Everybody says that J. W. Udy is looking splendid since his recovery from the grip at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. They all know that Dr. Miles' Nervine was what cured him.

was what cured him. Prosecuting Attorney Charles L. De-Waele, who has passed the three-score milestone, had a time with the grip; but when seen at his home in Roscommon, Mich., the other day, he said Dr. Miles'

Nervine was what cured him At nearly threescore and ten Mrs. Galen Humphrey was fighting against odds when the grip attacked her; but she took Dr. Nervine, and now her neighbors in Wareham, Mass., remark on how well she

is looking. After an illness of five weeks from the grip, Mrs. Harriett Jackson is again about and looking fine. She began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine after the fourth week. Her

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE

An Morgan's Spies.

By CAPT. HENRY CASTLE, Auditor for the Post Office Department.

Army service has its romances and comdies as well as its tragedies. Fortunately, in fact, the first two were much more numerous as they certainly were more enjoyable than the last. Sometimes I think that we are inclined to dwell too much enced persons as may be prevailed upon to read or listen to our army recollections. With your permission, therefore, I will for this occasion depart from my recent line of writing and tell the story of a single curious, eventful day in my own war ex-

In October, 1862, I was, at the age of 21 years, a private soldier in the 73d III., attached to Sheridan's Division of Buefi's Army, afterwards the Army of the Cum-berland. The battle of Perryville had been fought and won; we had followed Bragg's as far southeastward as Crab Or chard. Ky: then abandoned the pursuit. followed our own tracks backward to Dan-ville, and encamped one night, about Oct. 20, within three miles of Perryville bat-tleground, on the turnpike leading toward Lebanon. We had been in the service just two months, but had gone through all the vicissitudes of camp, march and battle, although we knew very little of army drill, regulations or etiquet. These things come largely by experience, whereof we had abundant measure later on. On the night alluded to just above I

was honored by a temporary detail as Quartermaster's Sergeant of the regiment, that functionary having been granted a short leave of absence. I was told by the Quartermaster that my duty during the march would be to act as Wagon Master in charge of the regimental train. That train in those luxurious days consisted of 13 big army wagons, each drawn by six patient, belligerent, melodious mules. But live or six of these teams had been withdrawn from each regiment to constitute a train charged with the important duty of transporting rations from the base of supplies to sustain our large army en

To supply the places of those thus withdrawn we were obliged to call upon farm ers along the road for a considerably greater number of teams in order that rmous supply of baggage, including Sibley tents, big trunks for all the officers, the cooking utensils, and varied paraphernalia econod indispensable those early days of campaigning, might be transported with us on our march to Nashville. Seven or eight farmers' teams of horses, mules or oxen, as the case might be, were thus constautly employed in our regiment, and as these successively gave out we were obliged to secure new ones to take their places. The oxen especially were very short-fived in this service; three or four days, at the most, of hard travel on the limestone turnpikes, were out their inshod feet and they must be abandoned. The next morning after my assignment to duty as aforesaid the regiment took up its line of march about daylight, after striking tents, loading wagons, etc., leav-ing me in a perplexed state of mind with my new responsibilities. I found two of the ox-teams entirely disabled, and was obliged to scour the neighborhood to get others in their stead. This was a hard task, as the marching and countermarch ing of both Bragg's and Buell's armie through this region for a month preceding had swept it practically bare of all efficient livestock and left even the most

Transferring the loads to those two teams I finally got my caravan under way about S or 9 o'clock in the morning, at which time, of course, our troops were five or six miles ahead of us, while a long, lumbering wagon train intervened. I had my 15 or 16 drivers, white and black, also 30 or 40 invalid and straggling soldiers be onging to our regiment, who had stayed schind for the occasional rides they could get during the day's march.

At the first gap in the wagon train I cut in with my teams and was progressing finely, until I was brought up with a round turn by a Regimental Quartermas-ter, who said I had split his train in two and must get out of there. As he out ranked me very seriously, I was obliged to give him the road, and when I attempt ed to fall in behind him was told by the Brigade Quartermaster that I must not cut his train in two. And so it went on; was "ranked" out of one place after an other until I found myself with my team and men at the rear of the entire trans-portation train of Buell's army, with the exception of a few odds and ends of ambulances, sutlers' wagons, laundry wag-ons, etc., which had no status anywhere and no commander to bluff me.

It thus turned out that we did not ge fairly started on the road until nearly disappearance of his daughter, which still noon, and were thereby thrown 10 or 12 miles to the rear of the marching column We had with us the rations and the cooking utensils of our entire regiment, hence "I was given up to die from heart and nervous troubles caused by grip. Six bottles each of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine cured me."—Mrs. John Wollet, Lefterson Wis. problem which racked and puzzled my in-experienced mind during all the hours of

To add to my perplexities occasionally a linchpin would break, or an ox would lie down, or a mule would kick over the traces, or some other irregular incident would occur to cause a halt in the proceedings and require more or less technical skill to provide a remedy. The same sort of accidents were happening also in the long train shead of us, each of which caused delay and threw us further and further behind.

But for these vexations the day's ex-perience would have been pleasant enough The weather was perfect; I had a good, serviceable horse, and shortly after noon rode off a short distance and procured a This, with the splendid breakfast I had secured in the morning from a farmer, who thus tried to bribe me to take a team from some of his neighbors instead of himself, constituted agreeable compensations for some of the tribulations of the

Along late in the afternoon I received word from the front by some officer who had dropped back that a very long day's march was to be made by the troops, who would not go into camp before dark, and that they were then at least 12 miles ahead of us. I then knew that at best it would be nearly morning before we could overtake them. But I had relied on the Colonel or Quartermaster to send a guide

back in ample time to conduct us to the exact locality of the camp.

About the same time a "solitary horseman" rode up from the rear and engaged me in friendly conversation. He was a man somewhat older than myself, of good appearance, wearing a semi-military garb. appearance, wearing a semi-military garb, riding a good horse, and very sociable in

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his advances. He soon told me his name, occupation and some of the sallent points of his history. He said that he had been a soldier during the previous year in an Illinois regiment; had been discharged on account of illness; had gone to his home Unsuccessful Confidence in Peoria, Ill., and fully recovered; had returned to the army, where his brother was Game Played by One of John an officer in one of the regiments, but had himself gone into the laundry business, and that the team by which his washing-machine and apparatus were being transported followed along behind our miscellaneous assortment of wagons. He further stated that in his early youth he had visited Kentucky relatives, who

lived in the exact locality we were now passing through. He pointed out resi-dences at a distance on either side of the road, told me who lived there, what good times he had enjoyed visiting those people

I was much pleased with my compar that we are inclined to dwell too much upon the tragic features of our civil war memories, thereby creating incorrect impressions in the minds of such inexperfort and welfare. He said it would be impossible to reach the camp of the troop that night; that it would soon be pitch dark; that the 10 or 12 miles of troops and wagons between us and our regiment would soon be going into camp, leaving the road impassable, and causing long de lays; that unless a guide was sent back it would be impossible to find my own roops in the darkness, and he advised me to join him in going into camp at some convenient locality until morning. I declined his proposition with thanks and told him I should do my best to carry out instructions to overtake the regiment some time during the night.

Darkness came on, with longer and nore frequent detentions, until we finally came almost to a standstill, and yet had no information as to where to go o how to find the command. We progr slowly and at such long intervals that I finally became discouraged and yielded to the persuasions of my new-found friend, who said that a short distance ahead of us was a branch road leading off to a seautiful grove less than half a mile from the turnpike, where there were splendid springs of water and every facility for a comfortable camp. It was finally decided that unless a guide found us before we reached that turning-off point we would go to his proposed camping place and spend the night.

When we arrived at the branch road we filed off. Everybody in the rear, of course, supposed we were on the right track and ollowed us, making a train of more than 50 wagons and, perhaps, 200 men, including teamsters, stragglers, tired and sick soldiers, connected therewith. It was much more than half a mile to the proposed grove. It seemed to me nearer two miles, but just as I began to expostulate and grow suspicious my companion point ed out the locality and we found it all he had claimed.

We went into camp at once, gathered together materials for campfires; the men immediately under my direction helped themselves to the rations in our wagons and cooked an ample supper, which our friend shared with us. He said nothing further about his laundry wagon, and I thought no more about it. It was quite inte when we finished eating; we were all very tired, and soon lay down under the trees in our blankets for much-needed sleep. My friend from Illinois shared my blanket, and knew no more until morning, when I awoke, looked around and very much to my surprise found him gone. I immediately arose with a large-sized dea in my ear, got my men together, and while they prepared breakfast I rode to a neighboring farmhouse to get my bearings and distances. I was there informed that we were about three miles from the town of Lebanon, where Gen. Buell's headquarters had been established the uight before.
As soon as possible I got our team

rendy, advising such of the drivers of the nondescript force as consulted me (among which I did not find any laundry wagon), to join in a search for the troops. I con-lucted the train to Gen. Buell's camp in the suburbs of Lebanon, and was thereinformed by his Adjutant-General, Col. J B. Fry, that Sheridan's Division was en camped about seven miles distant on a road which he kindly pointed out to me Shortly after noon of that day, which appened to be Sunday, I led the entire

cavalende, horses, mules, oxen and sol diers, into the regimental camp, without the loss of mule or mer. As we had with us all the provisions and cooking tools you can imagine the warmth of the recep tion I met from the hungry officers and men of our command and the variety of pet names I was called when I detailed to them the confidence game of which I had been a victim.

My humiliation was further intensified few days later by information brought by a comrade who had been captured by Morgan's guerrillas and paroled that my good friend from Illinois was one of Morgan's spies; that he had led us into that trap with the full expectation of report-ing our helpless, defenseless condition to his leader, supposed to be in camp him-self not many miles distant, who would have promptly sent a detachment sufficient to capture us in a body, destroy the wagons and contents, drive off the horses and mules and send the men to rebel prisons or parole them not to take up

arms until exchanged.

This was the first and last confidence game of which I was ever made the victim. In fact, since that experience nobody has ever tried to confidence me Whether it be that this incident left its mark upon my visage, or whether the overruling fates have decreed that one such narrow escape is enough for a single career. I do not know. In any event, it was a lesson which has been of service in many ways, and is now recorded as one of the unforgetable events of an interesting era.



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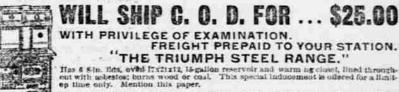
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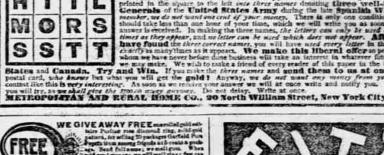
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WANTED-ADDRESSES.

WANTED-The names and postoffice addresses of members of Co. D. 53d Ind., by E. L. Foster, Norman, Okla.

WANTED-D. M. Sutherland, late Lieutemant, is Kan. Colored Vow. La. Luz, New Mexic., wastb address of James J. Wright, wao was Quartermaster's clerk under Capt. Green Durbin, or of any comrade who remembers him in prison at Camp Ford, Tyte, Tex., during the Winter of 1851-55.

WANTED-Information of the whereabouts of Heart ry or Harry Chamberlin, of the 22d Wia Inf. Last heard from in Watertown, Wis. Address C. I. Chamberlin, Overbrook, Osage Co., Kan.

WANTED-By Mrs. M. Tomilty, 684 De Montigny 81, Montreal, Canada, information of George McHay, Captain of Co. P. 87th N. Y. Volz, or any man of that company who served in the civil wan 1017-12